



CHARIVARIA

STUDENTS of the British industrial picture, observing that 1957 is already sure of the worst record for labour disputes since the year of the general strike, sighed with relief when the T.U.C. rejected proposals for "a new streamlined British trade union movement."

Through a Glass, Darkly

WHEN the Rev. Donald Soper found to his dismay that an appearance on I.T.V.'s programme "About Religion" coincided with the time when he should be delivering a sermon he solved his problem by installing a television set in his pulpit so that his flock could watch him on that—thus, incidentally, providing admirable material for another television programme about religion.

Cézanne of the Apes

THE paintings by the two chimpanzees Bobo and Congo, now on view at the Institute of Contemporary Art's gallery, show, according to the organizers, that "the impulse towards art is basic—like sex." The impulse towards organizing exhibitions of it is, anyway.

No War This Year

EDITORS come and go, but the *Daily Express*'s finger remains firmly on the public pulse. At a time when Russia had just given the news about its rocket,



when Syria was disappearing behind the Iron Curtain, Malaya was celebrating its independence, a British aircraft had beaten the world altitude record, Gil Merrick had a badly cut chin and Denis

Compton was retiring, a leader demanded "What are the topics uppermost in the minds of this newspaper's readers?" and gave the editorial solution "Eggs and telephones."

Child's Play

THE ingenious showmen who have been extracting royalties for television performances of games which have been played in English nurseries for centuries may well feel uneasy about the B.B.C.'s decision to drop all its parlour-games and quiz-programmes. They had better get busy devising—and patenting—some new entertainments like "Hit My Wicket." This is played between two teams of eleven players . . .

For "Hyena" Read "Hero"

Leningrad University is sending an expedition to the Pamirs in search of



information about the Abominable Snowman. With so much going on in Russia, it looks as though they might even be going to rehabilitate him.

"Yaroh," Inquit

THE immortal Mr. Frank Richards is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the first appearance of Greyfriars School by writing a book about Harry Wharton and Co. in Latin, to be used as a school textbook. Well, *Maxima debetur puelo we've wentia*, as Lord Mauleverer will no doubt put it.

Gratifying Prospect

DR. NATHANIEL MICKLEM, president-elect of the Liberal Party, told a press conference that he is convinced there are more people of Liberal sympathies

in Britain than appearances suggest. After all, there couldn't be less.

Yoicks!

A MR. CAMPBELL, of Somerby, Leicestershire, claims to have captured forty foxes with a lasso and released



them in a part of the country "less inimical to foxes" than his own district, near to which the Quorn, the Cottesmore and the Belvoir meet. How much longer this part of the country will retain its un-inimical character remains to be seen.

Rich Subject

WHATEVER is said against the atom militant its services to the public busybody can hardly be denied. Many a finger-in-the-pieman has been spared the anguish of having no pie handy by getting down to a few choice words about the prospect of global annihilation. However, in noting that the published agenda for the Labour Party conference includes one hundred and twenty-six motions on nuclear war it is only fair to add that it also includes eight on the cost of living.

Cry Wolfenden

"Don't be shocked . . ."—*Daily Mirror*
THERE'S a certain sense of stress,
Even primness of a sort,
In the way the yellow press
Greet the Wolfenden Report.

Does it put them in a flutter
To write of Man's depravity
(Their daily bread-and-butter)
As a matter of some gravity?

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

PUBLIC opinion is violently divided over the report of the Foxenden Committee on the Cost of Theatre Tickets, which was issued yesterday.

The members of the committee include Mr. Jack Hylton, Sir Laurence Olivier, Miss Vivien Leigh, Mr. Felix Fenston, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, Mr. Frank Cousins, Mr. Jim Dibble (of the Gallery Boozing Club) and Mr. Roy Harrod. Their main conclusions are that:

(1) It would help to make more money available for theatre management if the price of tickets went up, and

(2) Unless more money becomes available from the box-office, theatres cannot hope to be better off.

YOUNGER GENERATION

To find out how these controversial proposals struck the younger generation I spoke to Dorothy Gullett, a nineteen-year-old office worker of Tulse Hill.

"What do a lot of old people like that know about it?" she said. "They ought to have more ordinary people like you and I on these committees so that they

could really be in touch with ordinary working people." Miss Gullett is not a regular theatre-goer but hopes to see *My Fair Lady* when it is presented.

Arthur Bramble, a twenty-six-year-old tobacconist's mate, was more specific. "It's all very well them saying they want more money," he told me, "but when you get down to it, it's all got to come from ordinary people like you and I, and we should have more say in what happens to it." Mr. Bramble once acted in a production by his local dramatic society's production of *The Sport of Kings*, but on the whole, he told me, he "doesn't see much point in it."

FINANCIAL EXPERTS

I asked Isabel Mackintosh, an air hostess of Hounslow, whether she agreed that higher prices necessarily meant bigger takings.

"It depends what you mean by bigger takings, doesn't it?" she said. "These important financial experts are entitled to their opinion, but what I say is, are they in touch with the man in the street?"

Mrs. Agatha Mordaunt, whose husband is a churchwarden at St.

Wunnibald's, Pear Street, thought the State should play a greater part. "Ordinary people can't be expected to take an interest, with the cost of living going up every day," she told me. The same opinion was expressed by Mrs. Norah Eshelby, who at seventy-seven can still thread a needle without glasses.

HARD STRUGGLE

"It's not reasonable to expect kiddies and old folk to pay any more for their tickets," she said. "It is already a hard struggle for them as it is. In my opinion old age pensions ought to be raised immediately."

Duncan Nelson, a forty-year-old machine-minder of Pimlico, said "I think it's disgraceful." He added that he had not been inside a theatre for thirty years, and if that was the kind of thing that was going on it would be a long time before they caught him in one again.

** A spokesman for the Government said "The report has not yet been considered. If the committee's proposals are to be embodied in the Statute Book it will, of course, involve a change in the law. It will all take time."

B. A. Y.

"Came the Addams" or "Dawn Breaks Through"

WHAT I am chiefly agog to see in *A King in New York* is what the leading lady does with her head while she acts.

By ALEX ATKINSON

This curiosity is due to an interview Miss Addams gave in July to an inquiring journalist, in the course of which she explained what an inestimable joy it had been to work for Chaplin. "I was to learn so much from Chaplin," she said, "about film acting."

Now, we often read that kind of thing in the papers, and we always hunger for details. "What did she actually learn?" we ask. "Why don't they come right out in the open and tell us a few of the holy secrets that were imparted?"

One reason, of course, is that they know we laymen just wouldn't understand. But we're not all laymen. Take me, for instance. A cruel fate has prevented you from ever seeing me in films, but I did my stint in weekly rep just like John Osborne and Trevor Howard, and I know the problems. You can imagine how eagerly, therefore, I studied the things that Chaplin told

Miss Addams. For she didn't shroud the business in a fog of arty-crafty generalization. She let the cats come thudding out of the bag, and I am going to reproduce a few of them here for future generations of actors. They went like this:

"Cut out the R.A.D.A. stuff."

"Say it as Dawn would say it."

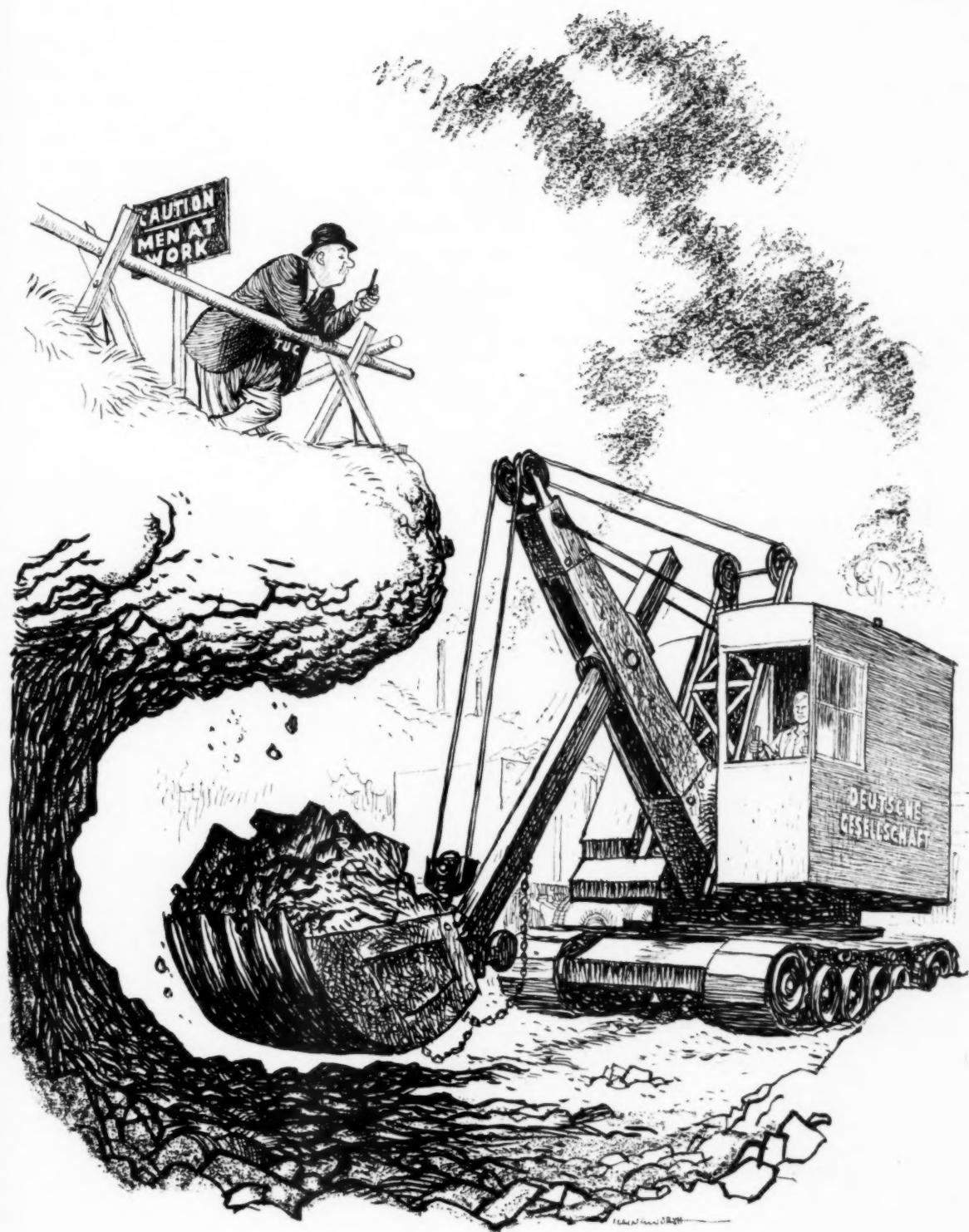
"Break through."

"Only make a move when it means something."

Of course, I'm not going to pretend I was able to follow all that advanced teaching at first reading, and I don't expect you to. Because, after all, we're not dealing here with tatty twice-nightly barnstormers—we're up in the rarefied atmosphere of the stars. We're getting an insight into the kind of thing that *leading ladies* learn about their craft, and it's very heartening to think that they have time to learn anything.

It wouldn't have done for me, that





"I suppose you know you're doing it all wrong."

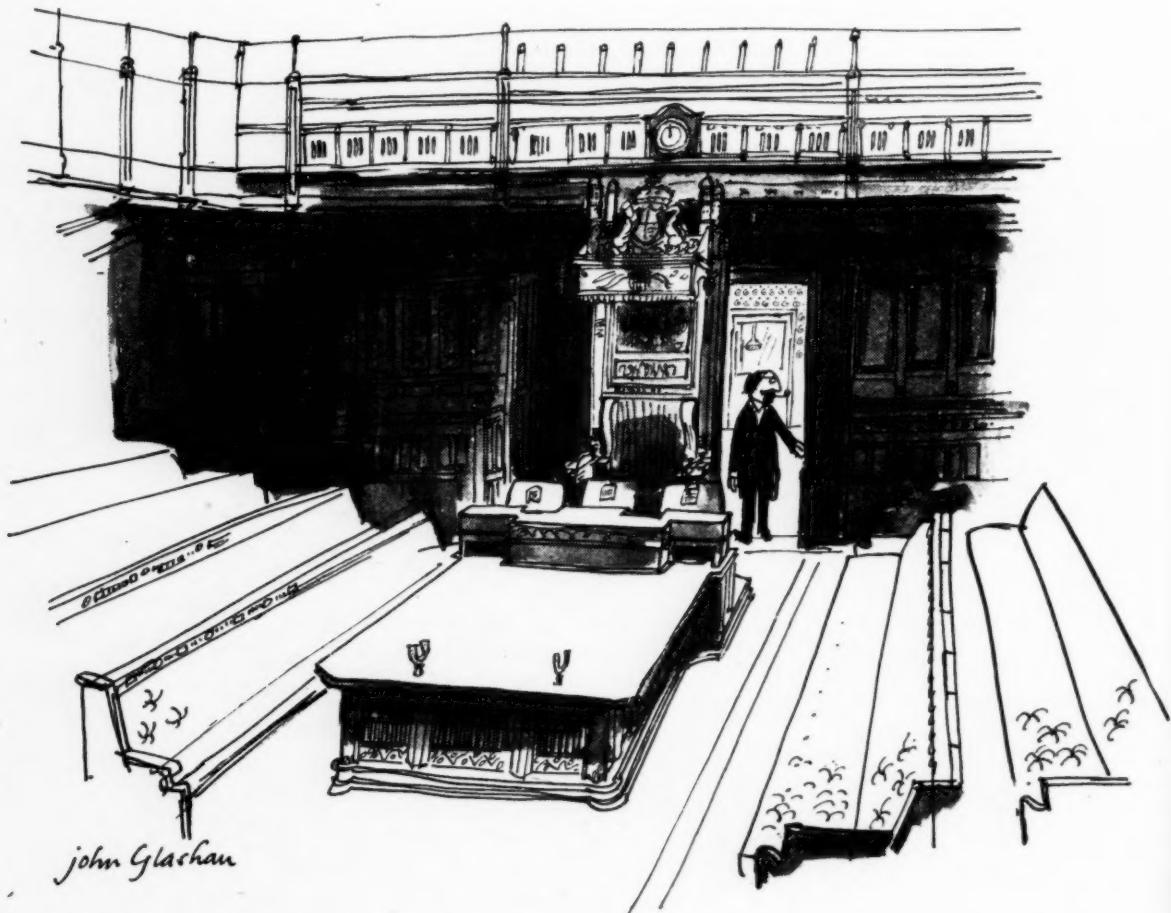
sort of thing, because I wasn't ready for it, I can see that now. I was only a beginner, as you might say. "What the hell are you mumbling about?" my producer once yelled at me from the front row of the stalls, where he used to sit peevishly eating somebody else's sandwiches. "I'm saying it as Alex would say it," I replied haughtily. "Well don't!" he snarled. "Don't you know you're supposed to be a cardinal!"

"Above all," Miss Addams said, "he taught me to discover my own personality in screen terms and to project it into a role." That was what I always aimed for myself, but I realize that I was several jumps ahead of my capabilities. I wasn't a star. On more than one occasion I remember discovering *my*

own personality in *stage* terms and projecting *that* into a role, and the best thanks I ever got for it was "Well don't just shamble up and down like a ninny! You did that *last week!*"

"Another thing he taught me," said Miss Addams, "was not to nod my head when I am acting. This infuriates him." It used to infuriate my producer, too. He once had an eight-year-old girl in for a special week to play a child of seven, and he nearly went out of his mind. "If that kid doesn't stop nodding her head while she's acting," he said, "I'll flatten her out for a thunder-sheet!" What he didn't realize, you see, was that the child was too *young* to assimilate such highly technical instruction. I don't know how old Miss Addams is, but she looks a lot more than

eight by her photographs, and she's a leading lady. *That's* the time to start learning what to do with your head. It's all very well being able to project all the psychological quirks that go to make up Lady Macbeth's character, or knowing the mechanics of the triple-take, or being *au fait* with the split-second timing of a comedy line; I've no doubt Miss Addams pretty well fell out of her cradle putting the finishing touches to *that* kind of thing; but when you have climbed up laboriously to the very pinnacle of the profession, the time comes when you must learn something of the subtleties, the overtones, the little *extra* touches that add the final gloss of perfection to a performance. I want the day to come when *all* our stars are taught that you can't walk about while



"Wait till you see how we've done the living room."



"No hard feelings, Kelly—one of us had to be first to reach the summit."

you're sitting down. I want great men to show them what to do with their hands when they're knitting, and how to wait until they get a cue before they reply to it, and why it's wrong to giggle in a death scene. The day *will* come, I can feel it. A new era is opening up, you mark my words, and I want to be the first to thank Mr. Chaplin for inaugurating it.

To end on a personal note, I should like it to be known that throughout my acting career nobody ever had to tell *me* that the footlights were those pretty, coloured pieces of gelatine dividing us actors from the old lady at the upright in the orchestra pit. I was precocious, you see: I put the cart before the horse. *I knew too much.* And so, as you may confirm by studying almost any standard theatrical reference book, I hardly ever managed to play opposite Peggy Ashcroft.

And that's your loss, as much as mine.

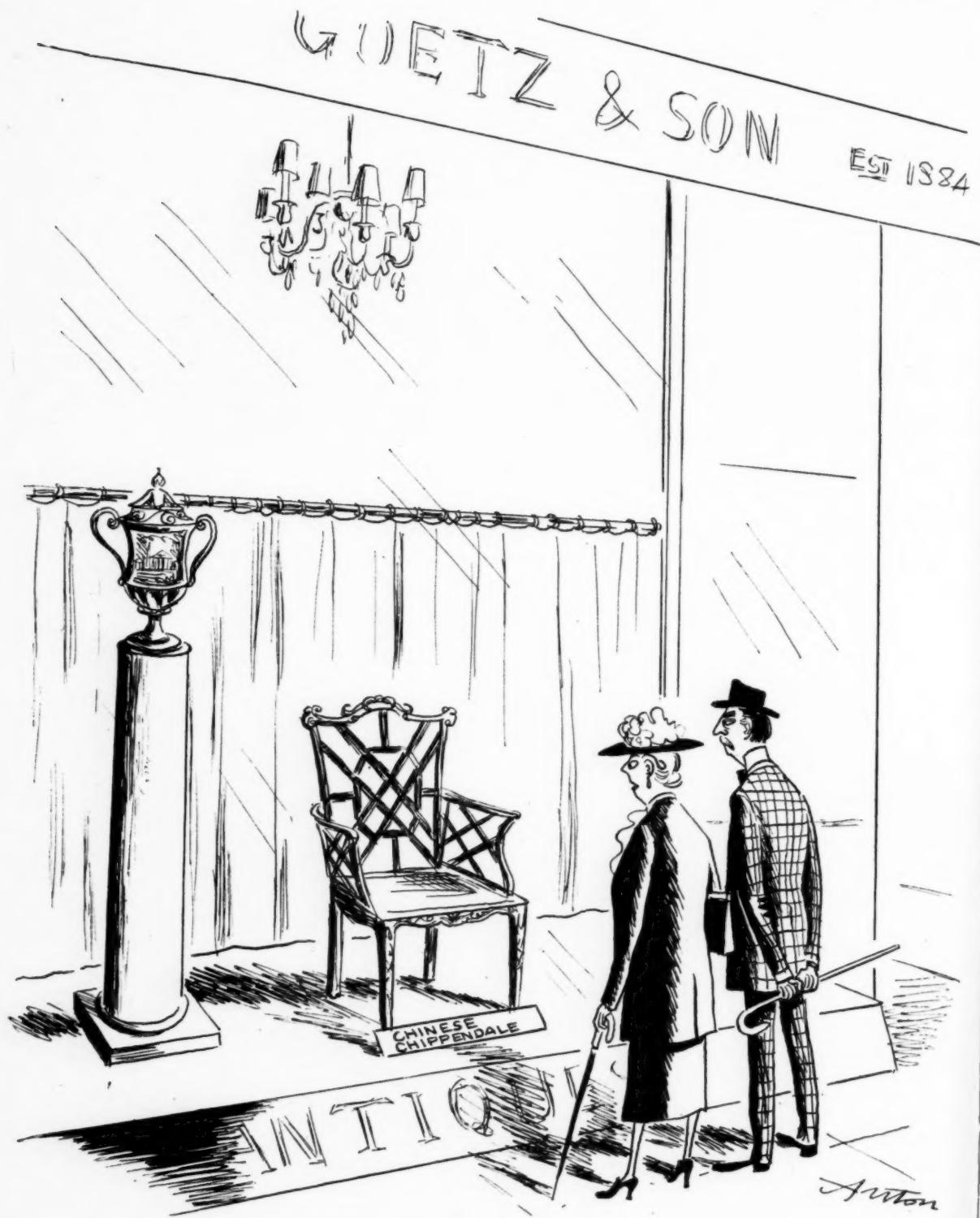
The Sterling Quadrille

WHILL you rise a little further?" said the worker to his pay.
 "There's a spiral just behind me, and inflation's come to stay.
 See the cost-of-living indices remorselessly advance,
 Prices still ahead of wages—will you come and join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"The situation's serious," it answered with a frown.
 "The pound is weakening rapidly, the gold reserves are down,
 And everyone is buying marks." He said "We'll take a chance.
 We've heard this tale of woe before. We think we'll join the dance.
 Shall we, shan't we, can we, can't we, shall we join the dance?
 Shall we, shan't we, can we, can't we, shan't we join the dance?"

"What matters it how far we go?" the T.U.C. replies.
 "If prices jump still further, then we'll claim another rise.
 The pound can be devalued—just the way they do in France.
 It's up to you, beloved Hugh, to come and join the dance,
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
 Will you, won't you, will you, won't—you'd better join the dance."

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"I always thought they sat on the floor."

The Stunt Gang

By ANTHONY CARSON

WHILE I was in Santiago de Compostela I lived in a house called the Pensión Carlos. You went down some steps into a long bar with civil guards playing dominoes, and out into a rather slovenly patio smothered with vine leaves. At the end of the patio there were five long cylindrical pigs who made more noise than the civil guards or the bagpipes or the bells of the cathedral. Carlos, the owner of the pension, was a huge man with grizzled hair, who had been to Venezuela. He could speak three or four words of English very badly, and he repeated them over and over again, and for this reason (apart from having been to Venezuela) he was known as my "parent." Again and again in the streets of Santiago people would approach me and say "How is your parent?"

There were two domestics in the pension, called Maria and Concepcion. In Spain they are known as *muchachas*, and they serve food and make beds and sing endlessly those Spanish songs

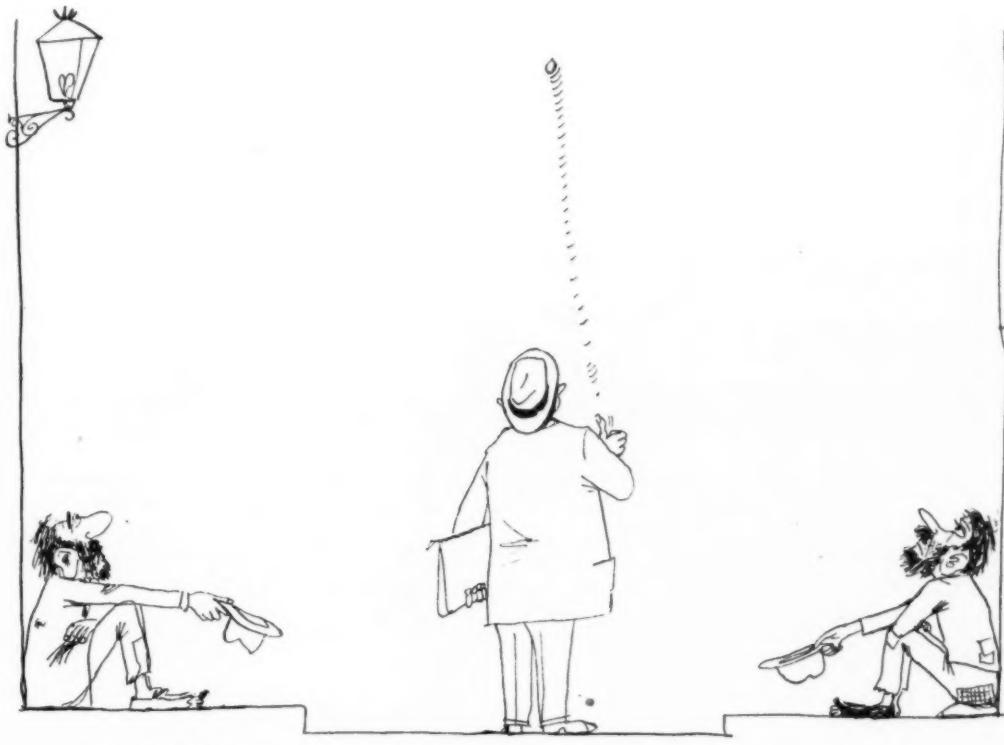
about being beaten and betrayed and having no fathers or mothers, which, if you don't understand the words, sound incredibly blithe and gay. Maria and Concepcion were about eighteen years old, and were plump and rosy with eyes which snapped like black olives, and gave every promise of being tumblers. All the men in the pension slapped their bottoms, and Maria and Concepcion slapped their faces and slopped out cabbage soup and the pigs grunted and the cocks crew and the bells rang. It was all in order.

I had a room on the second floor looking over the tangled vines, and the morning was shrill with pigs and cocks and dogs and long terrible arguments among the civil guards over dominoes. The civil guard are a secret hard-hatted race like ghosts with rifles who are really longing to be human. I had one preoccupation about my room. The bed and the cupboard were wrongly placed for the work I never, in fact, achieved. The first was near the door

and the second was in front of the window.

I spoke about this to my parent and he always nodded and said "To-morrow."

One day I was lying on my bed, tussling with bugs, when Concepcion banged into the room like grapeshot. "Hurry up," she said, "the soup's on the table." I went down to the patio, and dipped my face into that abominable Galician soup known as Caldo Gallego which, oddly enough, recalls all the soups of Bognor Regis at the fag-end of the season. I looked up from the plate for a moment and suddenly observed that the bar was full of brigands and blunderbusses. The Guardia Civil, unperturbed, continued to argue over dominoes, and my parent rushed about with trays of brandy, wine and aniseed. Then two enormous men with knives in their belts entered the patio and sat down at my table. Both had beards and expressions of prehistoric ferocity. Their minds, I could see, overlapped in the focus of food, they poured the soup





"Phew! Catch me preserving the Nash Terraces."

down their throats like waterfalls, cramming their mouths with sea-falls of sardines and warrens of rabbit. After rinsing their teeth from the soda-siphon they veered to the prospect of wine, and gargled away three bottles, then turned to me. "Are you from Galicia?" "No," I replied, "and you?" "Certainly not," said the taller of the two. "We are stunt men from Buenos Aires. Working on a film called *Orchids in Hell*." They explained the film. It seemed to be about the whole of Spanish architecture, history and geography, a sort of violent Cook's tour with backgrounds of Toledo, Seville, Burgos, Salamanca, Cordoba, Madrid,

Avila and the plains of Castille. Flickering among the palaces and the castles and the procession was the face of Gloria Vespa, the universal symbol of sexual fever and attainment, the dream of men with intermittent pillows, the thorn of women in a steam of kitchens. "We are using the cathedral here in Santiago," said the other. "What about the *muchachas*?" asked the first. "Succulent?" asked the second, and their beards mingled together in a great fire of stunts. "That one is Maria and the other is Concepcion," I said. "Maria," shouted one beard and "Concepcion" shouted the other. The girls came over giggling, their bosoms

blossoming, their aprons full of insults. Both of them were fine for pillows and feasts, but I had never got to the bottom of them, beyond slaps and passes over the soup. Fireworks flew and I eyed the conquistadores with the sharp spark of jealousy for men who conquered women bareback on horses or in burning cars. I had never done this, I was a slow, perverse, lyrical man. I left Buenos Aires and Galicia and walked into the bar among the bandits and the civil guards. "Get Old, O.K.," cried my parent, who watched everything from the behind the bar, even the flies making love on the tumblers. I crept upstairs to my room to the music of pigs and bells and dreamed of a girl in Valladolid and an eternal terrible book I was committed to write. I woke up suddenly with the door opening and the figure of Concepcion standing in front of me, her dress ripped down the middle like a beautiful tin of sardines. "Mister," she cried, giving me the name I received everywhere in Galicia, "hide me." I jumped up and viewed her like a somnolent astronomer confronted with a strip-tease comet. "What?" I cried. "Hide me," she said. "It's the men from Buenos Aires." "There's only the cupboard," I said, pushing her into a narrow moth-eaten cabinet full of old clothes and half-written manuscript and closing the door. I stood viewing the cupboard with a certain excitement, and then went back to the bed. A minute or two passed, and the window slammed open, admitting the flame of a beard. "Where is she?" cried the beard. "Who?" I said. "Concepcion. The one with the mole." "I haven't seen her," I said. In the distance I heard a scream, and the beard disappeared. There was a scuffling noise, the door opened again, and Maria panted into the room. "It's the men from Buenos Aires," she said, breathing like a trapped hind. "Under the bed," I said, pointing. She rolled under the bed like a wonderful woodlouse and I returned to the bed and stared at the ceiling, terrified, as always, of eventualities. I hadn't long to wait. There was a knock at the door and my parent entered, followed by four civil guards. "Much waiting," he said, "but we changing the cupboard and the bed." He made a confidential Spanish gesture with his forearm, and all five of them started to get to work.

First Steps in Migration

By ROY MacGREGOR HASTIE

ON the assumptions that some fifty per cent of the population of Great Britain will migrate (my assumption), and that 100 per cent of them will go to Australia (their assumption) it is perhaps timely to prepare for the day when you, too, may step ashore at Fremantle and catch your first glimpse of Your New Country.

It will be raining, pattering down melodiously on to the corrugated iron roofs of the wool-sheds on the quayside, turning the last gumtrees from off-white to off-grey, and slowly washing away the incomplete foundations of most of the harbour houses. But you will be heartened at the sight of land; you will be fed up with the food on board, of the ships' officers picking off the best of the women, of the fat man in the bar, of the thin woman on the deck tennis court, of the "comfortable quarters" you have shared with one thousand five hundred others in the tourist third of the ship.

A quartet of immigration officers will be waiting to check your papers before you can get ashore; they will not be wearing uniforms, they will be in old flannel trousers and short-sleeved shirts. They will be called Merv or Bas. All immigration officers are called Merv or Bas; every year a portion of the Merv and Bas crop is set aside for this branch in the future and banished to the Dark Interior to spend twenty years with a tribe. Film units excepted, their return to civilization and taking up of their appointment is the first occasion on which they see white men again, and put aside Magic for Reason, pointing the bone for pointing the finger. They are Angry. You will soon spot this when they thumb through your passport.

You will have spent a summer holiday in Split, perhaps, with a party of students from the National Council of Labour Colleges; your passport will be endorsed with the picturesque visa of Yugoslavia. You may even have taken up residence in Italy, for tax evasion, and that fact will be noted there too. Both these things will distress Merv and Bas. They will discuss their distress:

Merv: Bas!

Bas: Yes, mate, wot you goin' crook about?

Merv: This joker's got this in his passport.

Bas: My flamin' oath. Yoogoslavva. I'n that Commo?

Merv: Too right. You a Commo?

You: No.

Merv: Wot you doin' in Yoogoslavva?

You: Looking at Split.

Merv: You jokin', mate?

Merv will shake his head and turn to the form you have filled in on which you have written your address in Europe, your Italian address.

Merv: This address is in Italy, mate.

You admit this; you tell him that many English people do live in Italy—the climate attracts them, and the wine, and the women. He will look at you pityingly.

"Mate," he will say, with the tolerance of a backward adult addressing an idiot child, "this ship come from England, right?"

"Right."

"Never stopped at Italy, right?"

"Right."

"You're a Pom, right?" (A Pom is an Englishman.)

"Right."

"Your Mum and Dad wasn't dagoes, right?"

(Australia is one of the few countries in the world where you can still find Italians referred to as "dagoes." Especially in South Australia and Queensland. They own most of South Australia and Queensland.)



"... and I've got quite a story for 'Confidential'."



"Right," you say, deplored the discrimination but looking after No. 1.

"England ain't in Italy, right?" with heavy sarcasm this.

"Too right."

"Then 'ow can you 'ave an address in Italy? Now, you got an English address?"

"No."

Merv: You wanna watch it, mate, if you're comin' to live 'ere.

Bas: My flamin' oath.

They will classify you as an illegal migrant, passing you on to the quayside to look for your luggage. Ah, there it is—the steward has dumped it at the farthest point from the Customs shed. That will be your five-shilling tip.

Now there are times in the life of each of us when we feel entitled to pamper ourselves just a little. You look at the luggage towering above you and decide to call a porter; he will help you to a good start in your new country. You look round but can see no one except a native wiping the sweat off his brow on the seat of his trousers via the back of a hairy paw. You approach him.

"I'm looking for a porter." He may be a sheep farmer and incredibly rich—just as well to put it like that.

"What d'yer want with a porter, mate?" says the sweatwiper.

You point meaningfully at the mound of cases, trunks, packages and grips.

"Struth, you got arms, mate?"

"Yes, but I am not an octopus."

He will think about this one, the thought clearly visible on his forehead, wipe away the extra sweat this exertion has produced, and gesture at a trolley.

"Use that, mate, I'm busy."

Perhaps he misunderstands you.

"I'm prepared to pay for any assistance you give me."

He will look you up and down. "What d'yer do for a livin', mate?"

You don't see the point of the question, but you say politely "I'm a schoolmaster."

"Twenty quid a week? I'm a wharfie, mate. I screw that out in a couple days. Better get that barter."

You will have learnt Something Important—Democracy obviously works.

But that doesn't solve your luggage problem, and your wife has gone off with that nice Mrs. Jones from Bolton; you will have to pile it on to the trolley and wheel it into the shed. There are some Customs officers; these are not called Merv or Bas. They are called Kev or Syd. You eye them suspiciously and notice that one of them is already ripping the buckles off your case-straps. The other is kicking your trunks open with a large boot.

"I have keys here," you suggest, digging into your wallet for them.

"Orter've 'ad 'em ready, mate, didn't yer?"

Kev will smile broadly at this sally by Syd and thump open your most expensive valise; out fall your best clothes on to the dusty floor. You try the indirect protest.

"I wonder how long those clothes will last me here."

"You talkin' to me, mate?"

"Well, yes, I was wondering if it was really necessary to go through everything with a fine tooth-comb. I'm not a smuggler, you know."

"'Ow do we know?"

In one of your trunks you have your personal library. Syd soon gets his teeth into this and comes up with Albert Schweizer's *Von Mein Leben Und Denken*, in German.

Syd: "What's this, mate?"

"It's the autobiography of a missionary-doctor-organist. In German."

"I can't read German," Syd says. "I'm Ostralian."

"My flamin' oath," says Kev.

You show them an English version (for your friends).

"They don't look the same to me, mate," Kev says. "I'll have to take it to the Offus. Gotta take everything Commo or Porno to the Offus."

You see your Russian Dictionary (spot prize at the *Daily Worker Ball*), all your textbooks in French and Greek, an old *Corriere*, an anthology of contemporary German verse, Lorca's *Death of a Bullfighter* in Spanish and a cutting from the University College of Aberystwyth's magazine in Welsh, all taken away to the Offus to be tested for Communism and/or pornography.

You are immune to further shocks to the nervous system and are trying a little therapy on yourself, hammering your cases, etc., together again, when your wife comes up to you.

"What have you been doing all this time?"

"Welcome to Ostralia, missus," says Kev (before you can tell her).

She smiles at them.

"I am glad we came, dear," she says. "Everyone's so nice to us . . . it's just like home, isn't it?"

It may not be home; it certainly isn't Home. It is your New Country. Good luck to yer, mate.

Nostalgia

PRAISE Nostalgia! Lift the cup,
Ye who write old Nannies up!

Praise her, ye who televise

Rubbled stage with misty eyes!

Ye who dress-design the sack,

Bring the bamboo table back,

Thump the polka, pot the fern,

Aye, and ye who merely yearn,

Tram-preservers, friends of steam,

Frowners on the building-scheme—

Keep it going, strike it rich,

While Nostalgia works the pitch!

Know that she will work it yet;

Ye shall have for sweet regret,

In the rosy past to come,

Steele and socks and bubble-gum!

This the rule she works it on;

Hell is heaven when it's gone.

ANGELA MILNE

Misleading Cases

By A. P. H.

Haddock v. British Atlantic Aircraft Corporation

(Before the Lord Chief Justice and six Judges of the Queen's Bench)

THE Lord Chief Justice said: This case seemed to me to carry such high constitutional importance that I thought fit to summon six judges of the Queen's Bench to assist me. The plaintiff, that indefatigable pilgrim to the temple of Justice, Mr. Albert Haddock, contracted with the defendant company for a passage in one of their aircraft from London to Canada. His voyage, let it be said at once, had no selfish or frivolous purpose, though, in my judgment, the case would not be greatly altered if it had. He had been invited by two or three distinguished academic societies in Canada to deliver improving lectures to their members, and for these services he was to be generously rewarded in Canadian dollars, one of the most coveted currencies in the world. Under the present laws of our land he was required to render the said dollars to the Bank of England, for the assistance of the nation in the cosmic battle of export and exchange. He was not permitted to expend them in Canada or even to leave them unexpended there. So the State—that is, the Exchequer—had a direct interest in his enterprise, and Mr. Haddock, as he told the court, felt a glow of patriotic pride. After payment of expenses and taxes he might not be greatly better off himself, but at least he would have done some service to his country.

The plaintiff duly paid the agreed fare and, at the time appointed, presented himself at the London Airport. There, to his surprise, he was informed by a cashier in the defendants' employment, Mr. Slim, that a further charge of five shillings was required, and, according to my notes, this dialogue took place:

Haddock: What is this?

Slim: It is a State tax, a Ministry of Civil Aviation tax, on every person who leaves the country by air.

Haddock: This is the first I have heard of it. By what statute, which of the Finance Acts, was it imposed?

Slim: As to that, I can't say.

Haddock: And what about Magna Carta?

Slim: Magna Carta?

Haddock: Does not Magna Carta say that all merchants shall have free passage out of the realm, or something?

Slim: I could not say.

Haddock: Well, if this tax is payable, you must pay it yourself. You have contracted to carry me for a certain sum. I have paid the sum, and that is the end of it.

But Mr. Haddock was optimistic. Upon his refusing to pay the five shillings, the defendants refused to carry him. The plaintiff then made the voyage by sea. But the steamship was delayed by heavy weather in the Atlantic, he arrived too late for his appointments, and accordingly received no reward. On these facts he has sued the defendant company for the damage he has suffered by their breach of contract.

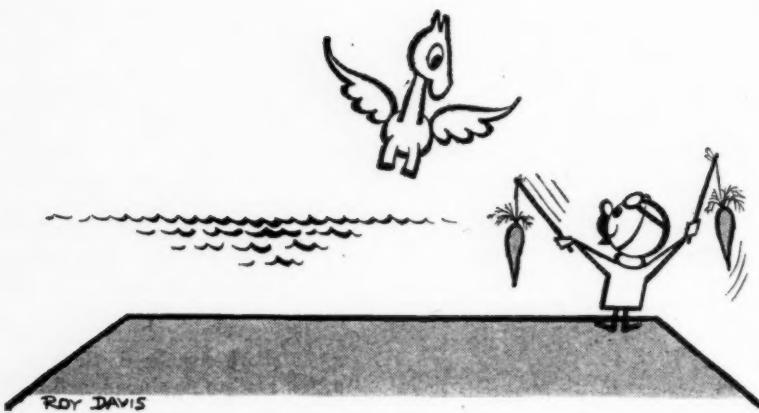
Now, whoever should succeed in this unhappy dispute, there is no doubt that the gravest censure has been earned by the Crown, that is, the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation. The Airport, it appears, is the property of the Crown, and the defendants pay certain sums to the Minister for the right to occupy and use it. The Minister required more money for the making of improvements at the port. This he could have obtained by imposing higher charges on the defendants and so on. Instead he ordered them to collect this tax from every traveller flying out of the country (though not, it seems from those flying in); and the more the nature of this action is examined the more the blood of the honest Briton is likely to boil.

First, it is contrary to the high traditions of this island that a tax should be levied upon those who venture, for whatever reason, into foreign parts. We pay enough for our passports as it is. No such charge is made upon those who travel by sea: and what would be said by the countrymen of Francis Drake if it were? Mr. Haddock was quite right: Magna Carta itself made express provisions for the freedom of "merchants" to go abroad, and in this case he was, in his own peculiar field, a "merchant," selling British thought and history.

Secondly, by the accepted principles of the Constitution, a tax should not be laid upon the citizen until it has been duly examined and approved by Parliament with all the ancient forms and precautions. If the Minister of Transport, by order or regulation, can put a tax on air-fares he can put another on



"I had to buy him, he won't let go."



ROY DAVIS

railway-tickets, for he owns, or possesses, the railways too: and the Minister of Fuel, I suppose, could order the National Coal Board to exact a tax of a shilling on every ton of coal they sell. The mere mention of such possibilities shows how perilous is the precedent created at the airports.

In this case Mr. Haddock has not proceeded against the Crown; and so we are not called upon to decide whether the Minister has misused the powers carelessly entrusted to him by

Parliament, or what the Queen's Courts can do about it if he has. But at least we can express our surprise and horror; and in the present suit we can do justice. We find unanimously that Mr. Haddock's contentions are correct. He had discharged his side of the contract and the defendants should have done their part. If they could show that the plaintiff had clearly and knowingly agreed to pay the tax as well as the fare we might, though reluctantly, come to a different decision. The defendants have feebly

pledged a paragraph in the vague, allusive Conditions of Contract:

"4(b) Carrier is not liable for any damage directly or indirectly arising out of compliance with laws, government regulations, orders, or requirements."

These nebulous words, no doubt, were intended to cover any interference by Government in the ordinary operation of the defendants' service. If it was desired to include the payment of a specific tax the contract should have made this plain. But it did not: and so the tax is a matter between the defendants and the Crown.

But we feel kindly towards the defendants too: and we would offer them some gratuitous advice. In similar cases there are two courses open to them. Either they can pay the tax themselves, under protest, to the Crown, or they can refuse to pay, or to collect it, and see what follows. I hope that then the Minister will bring them into court, when we shall gladly accept the opportunity to consider whether he has exceeded his lawful powers and can be restrained. I doubt if he will.

Damages of about £5,000, and every kind of cost, to Mr. Haddock.

Not the Ticket

By WANDA BURGAN

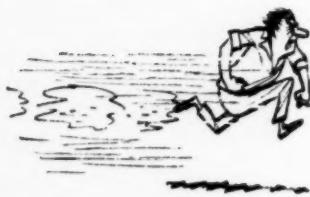
BEFTER swear off reading the fine print. Give it up before it's too late. It's too late when you begin to think you are being followed. Soon you'll find yourself being followed by twice as many and more sinister-looking people, and from there it's a long road back.

You are listening to the Voice of

Experience, a fine-print reader of long standing who recently indulged the habit to the point of no return. It was at an airport, where I was waiting for friends to pick me up after an overnight flight. Having always found fine print an effective time-killer I turned over the ticket attached to one of my bags and read this startling legend: "This is

not the luggage ticket (baggage check) described by Article 4 of the Warsaw Convention."

It was not cold in the terminal, but for some reason I felt a sudden need to button my coat up tight. I read the statement over. The tiniest bud of doubt burst open in my mind and blossomed as quickly as a Japanese



water-flower into a full-blown worry. What, I asked myself with a shiver, was the Warsaw Convention and what did it have to do with me? Or with my luggage? What type of luggage ticket did Article 4 describe and why couldn't I have one?

I pulled my hat down over my ears and wondered. Maybe luggage tickets described by Article 4 cleared baggage of suspicion of carrying secret documents. Or stolen emeralds. Or narcotics. If so, mine hadn't made the grade, since mine was not the luggage ticket, etc., etc.

How could I know that some espionage agent hadn't planted The Papers in my bag without my knowledge? How could I be certain that The Emeralds were not, at that very moment, sparkling away in the secret toothpaste compartment which is a feature of my new luggage?

One thing was certain: the printed matter on the pink ticket (and a violent, sick-making pink it was) had a distinctly nasty sound. It occurred to me to wonder whether any of the other passengers who had just deplaned with me had had their luggage so labelled. I stole a furtive glance at the bags within close range. There were no tags on them. Their owners were obviously in the clear.

I finally located a pink ticket on a fine leather bag being toted out of the waiting room by a particularly prosperous-looking business man. I caught my breath as he neared the door. Now it would happen. Now a couple of bearded men in belted raincoats would step out of the shadows, close in on him, and hustle him off to a waiting car. They didn't, though. I loosened my collar. When the lady missionary who had been my seat-mate during the flight



"I haven't moved in yet—it's still damp."

went sailing by, and I saw that her bags too were pink-tagged, I felt free to push up my hat.

Now worry has given way to indignation, and all I have to do to send my temperature up is to read that label over again. "This is not the luggage ticket (baggage check) described by Article 4 of the Warsaw Convention." In the first place, who said it was? And in the second place, if it isn't what it says it isn't, what is it? Anyway, what's Warsaw to me or I to Warsaw? I'd be the last person in the world to deny that there have probably been some mighty fine conventions in Warsaw, but I've never attended any of them.

Worst of all is that negative approach. This is a thing to be watched. It could spread to other items besides baggage checks.

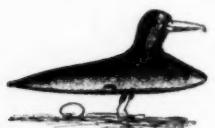
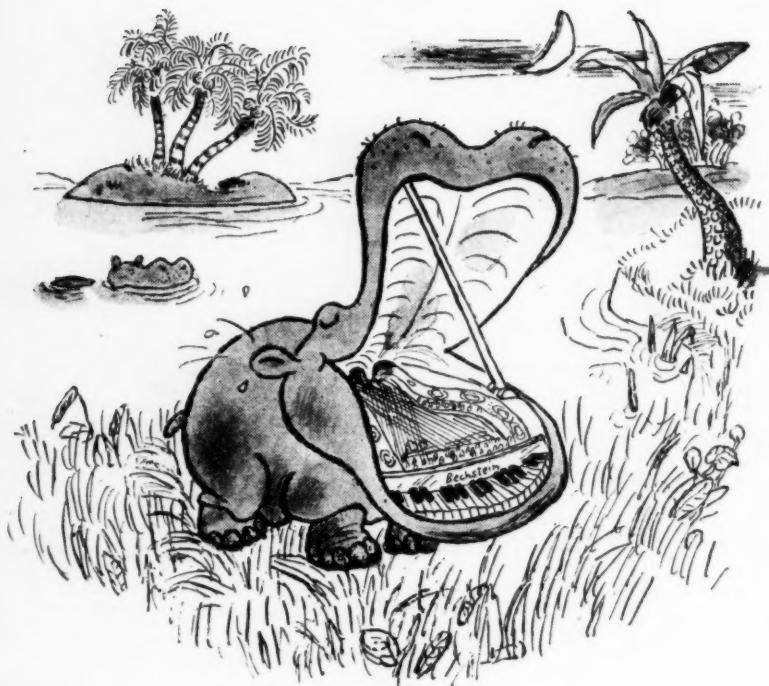
Say you spend feverish hours filling up your income tax forms only to

come to a line of fine print at the bottom saying: "These are not the income tax forms referred to in Article 12 of the Tonga Conclave." Will you go to bed tired but happy, or start groping for your tranquillizers?

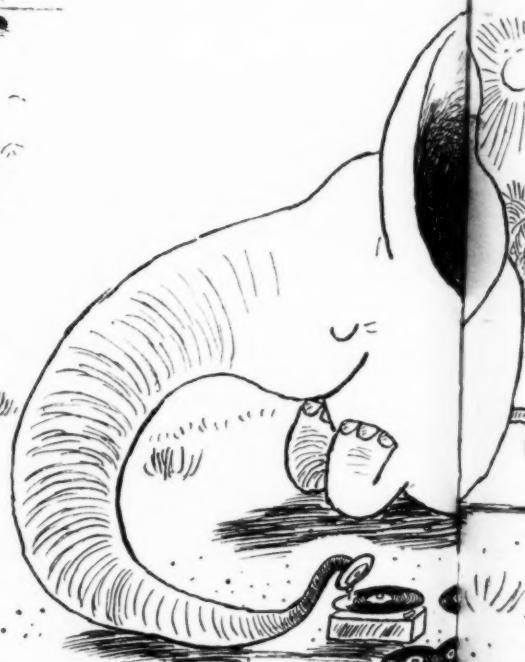
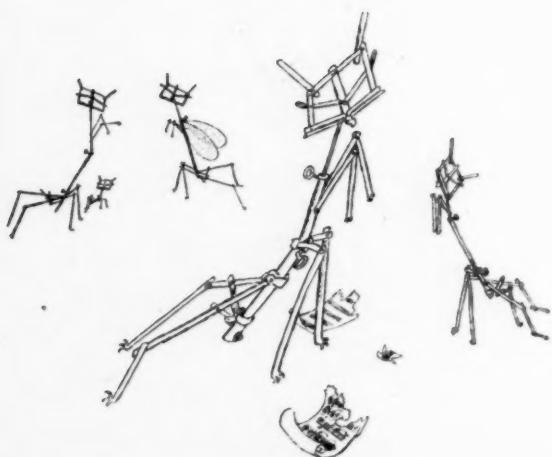
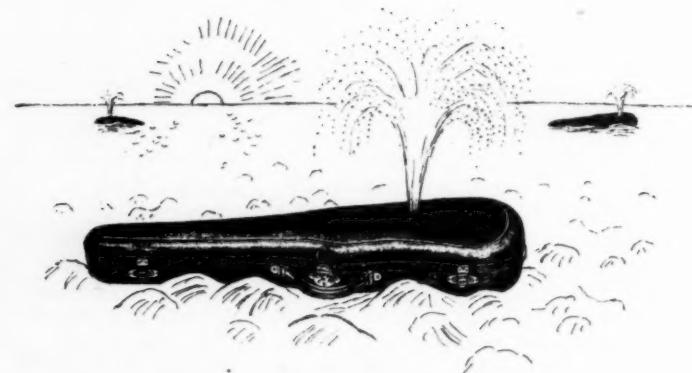
Suppose you hand your driver's licence to a police officer who inquires for it and he tosses it back with a sneer after pointing out a tiny line at the bottom saying: "This is not the licence described by Article Q of the Rotary Convention." Try to talk your way out of that.

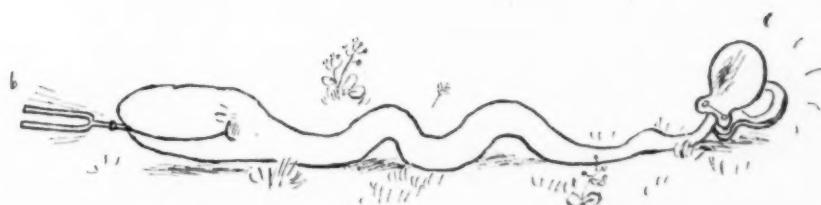
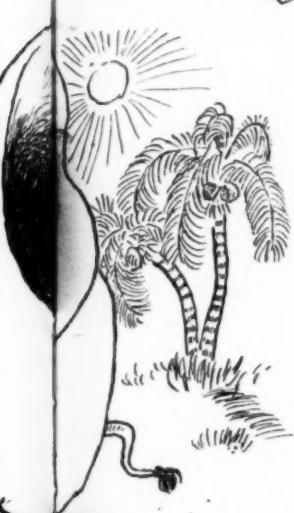
Next time I intend to beat the luggage labellers to the draw. I am going to have leather luggage tags made and stamped in gold with the statement: "This luggage has not now, nor has it ever had, any connection whatever with Warsaw." Let them come along with their loud pink labels after that if they dare.





HOFFNUNG'S MENAGERIE





Purdom

By CLAUD COCKBURN

PURDOM said he was twice shy as a result of having been once bitten. Who or what had (that fatal once) bitten him was never disclosed. Some said that at an impressionable age he had been badly treated by the Stock Exchange, others that it was a woman from Dallas, Texas, who had done it, and still others averred that the trauma dated from early boyhood when he was taken for the first time to see the sunny Riviera and snow was falling heavily.

Only Bones was unkind enough to opine that there had never been a bite.

"Max Purdom," he said, "is one of those who, not content with being as cagy as a crab, has to bore people by inventing some obscure reason for his natural disposition."

A malign remark. But it was true that, somewhere along the line, the bite (at first presumably a sad business) had developed into something like an asset. It worked for Purdom on two lines at once. Its presumed gravity made warm-hearted people sorry for him and his blighted life. And he, apparently, felt justified in exploiting them ruthlessly, because he owed it to

himself to squeeze what he could out of life after what it had done to him.

He thus exploited the pity and maternal instincts of a girl called Henrietta Melville, who worked in Paris for one of the organizations created by the United Nations. Half the staff of this organization—including several eligible Americans—were in love with her, some of them to an extent which disrupted their work and got the U.N. sharply criticized for inefficiency. But she was in love only with Purdom, who was twelve years older than herself and worked in the Paris office of a British engineering firm.

Everyone else said she was far too good for him. And nobody could understand why he hesitated for so much as an instant to marry her. To his intimates he indicated that a man once bitten so severely could not rush into things, risking another mauling.

Then Henrietta went on some cultural mission for her organization to the Far East, and she came back saying that the beauties of Fujiyama and of the Taj Mahal equalled and indeed surpassed all that had ever been claimed for them. It was a mere affectation to pretend otherwise.

"I," said Purdom, "always take that sort of claim with a grain of salt. Take, for instance, the Taj."

"Mahal," said Henrietta, distressed.

"Quite so," said Purdom.

"Or, if you like, Fuji."

"Yama," said Henrietta, upset by his attitude, and considering the abbreviation as a contemptuous familiarity.

"Just as you say," Purdom said. "I consider them over-rated and ultimately disappointing."

"But you've never seen them," indignantly replied Henrietta. "How can you say such things?"

"I suppose," he said, "it's all on account of how I once had a thing that happened to me."

Furious now, she said "Did it?"

"Actually yes. 'Twice shy,' as the saying goes."

"I believe," she cried, "you're the kind of man who says Winston Churchill was a mere cipher during the war, and whoever wrote the Psalms didn't."

"Who didn't?" asked Purdom,



interested as ever in the bare possibility that what a lot of people had thought for a long time was so, wasn't.

She slammed out. Purdom, who had to travel to London later that afternoon, found himself seated on the plane next to Bones, whom he knew but slightly. Preoccupied by the dispute with Henrietta, he remarked to Bones that it seemed extraordinary the way some people fell for things, swallowed them hook, line and sinker.

"For instance," Purdom said in the bus from London Airport to the terminal, "can you imagine a lovely and intelligent girl or young woman in this day and age being absolutely bowled over by Mount Fujiyama, or the Taj Mahal?"

Bones, who had never heard of Henrietta or her relations with Purdom, said "Oh well." And then, too, it mightn't be just the thing that bowled her over. A girl might have visited them with someone she was madly in love with.

He said this as they walked to the Customs' counter.

"What?" said Purdom.

"And vice versa," Bones said. "An uncongenial companion and pop goes the Parthenon. No, nothing to declare."

"But," said Purdom, "you really think . . . What? . . . Oh, yes. I have this bottle of brandy."

By the time this brief business with the Customs was over, Bones had found a taxi and disappeared.

Purdom brooded. With frightful intensity the thought struck him that perhaps, after all, Bones did know Henrietta, or of her. And, such being the case, his remarks totted up to a hint, friendly or malign, regarding the way she had carried on in the Far East. And pretty crashing scandalous behaviour it must have been, reflected Purdom, if news of it had already reached Bones in London.

True, everyone assured Purdom that Henrietta was madly in love with him, but that was just the kind of statement one should take with a grain of salt.

By the time of his return to Paris she had forgiven him for, so to speak, looking the Taj Mahal in the mouth, but on various pretexts he avoided her, thinking about Bones. Three days later he saw him at a cocktail party at the Indian Embassy. To find Bones a guest of the Indians struck Purdom



as sinister. It looked as though all Delhi had buzzed with gossip about Henrietta's goings-on and some Indian friend had passed on the news to Bones. Much agitated, Purdom approached him and said "You know that thing you were saying the other day about pop goes the Parthenon."

"They tell me that Nehru . . ." said Bones. "Excuse me, what were you saying?"

"No, it was something you were saying about a thing."

"What?"

"Fujiyama."

"Oh well, the Japanese."

The head of Purdom's firm, visiting Paris, said "Who's that extraordinarily beautiful Indian woman over there? Not there, there."

By the time Purdom had identified her, Bones had disappeared.

"Evidently avoiding me," thought Purdom, and spent the next two days trying to find where Bones hung out in Paris, while himself avoiding Henrietta, who would of course deny the whole thing brazenly if he asked her direct.

Then he saw Bones in the foyer of a big office building and said "By the way, about that thing you were saying about India, I mean the Taj Mahal."

"What was I saying?"

"Don't you remember? I said something and you said this other thing."

"What? Oh sorry. Here's the lift." He bounded into it and disappeared.

Three days later Purdom saw him crossing the Place de la Concorde, and, in his excitement shouted out "Bones! Bones!" Bones stopped, half-turned, and was struck by a taxicab. He was in hospital for a week. Purdom telephoned daily and as soon as Bones was well enough, went to visit him. With Bones immobilized Purdom was able to cross-question him at leisure. Bones was able to convince him that he had never heard of Henrietta Melville, far less of any scandal concerning her.

Profoundly relieved, Purdom hurried home and rang her up. Henrietta said that since he had been in Paris for a fortnight evading her on a series of feeble excuses she realized that their friendship had better come to an end. She used the phrase "a clean break," rang off abruptly, and a month later announced her engagement to one of the young men from the United Nations.

"Doesn't," said Purdom to Bones, "that show how right I was to look before I leaped? A lot of people tried to tell me she was in love with me. But of course they hadn't had the experience of a thing like the thing that happened to me once."

"What was that?" Bones asked sharply.

"Very, very painful," said Purdom.

How to be Famous

As an Economist



FIRST STEPS

IT is not the slightest use setting out to become a successful economist unless you are prepared to work hard, eat your own words and write repeatedly to *The Times*. To start with, you will need a smattering of political economy, and it is wise from the outset to steer yourself into one of the four main schools of thought—London, Oxford, Cambridge or Wolsey Hall Correspondence. Cambridge is Marshall, Keynes and all that; Oxford is G. D. H. Cole and Co.; London (L.S.E.) is opportunist—either Daltonian or Harroddian according to the prevailing economic climate; and Wolsey Hall is sort of Joan Robinson with a dash of *Manchester Guardian*.

CHOICE OF PATRON

As soon as you have qualified—B.Sc. (Econ.) or equivalent—your best move is to be drawn to the attention of a practising economist, somebody like Lord Beveridge. People like Lord Beveridge are always on the look-out for bright young men capable of writing addenda to their reports, the reason for this being that economists, even more than film stars, are terrified of growing old and out-of-date and like to rejuvenate their writings with transfusions of new blood.

WRITING TO *The Times*

You are now in a position to strike out on your own. To do this you should write to *The Times* about Bank Rate, suggesting in a roundabout but imperious manner that it is high time the thing was raised or lowered. *The Times* always welcomes correspondence on this subject.

Half a dozen letters to *The Times* should secure a mention in a *Times* leader. At first you will be referred to obliquely as "a correspondent" or merely as "an opinion vouchsafed in

our correspondence columns," but eventually your name will be quoted.

PAMPHLETS

The Federation of British Industries, the T.U.C., the Co-op., or some big company such as Shell, Unilever or Imperial Chemicals, will get in touch with you. It will want a pamphlet written—probably on taxation. The fee will be handsome. You will write the pamphlet, only to discover that the Federation (say) does not want the word taxation mentioned—just hinted at. You will protest. The Federation will make its fee even handsomer, and with a remarkable turn of speed you will discover a way of writing about taxation without actually mentioning it.

THE PARK LANE PERIOD

The next step is to set yourself up as an economic consultant. You rent chambers off Park Lane and get somebody from the Council of Industrial Design to decorate them. A few prints—to show the breadth of your culture, a splendidly mature secretary, a few bottles of gin and scotch and a copy of the *Annual Abstract of Statistics* are all the props you need.

You wait for the phone to ring.

Your first call will probably be from a fellow consultant. Put him off. He wants to be invited round so that he can case the joint and buy more impressive prints than you have. Put him off, I say. Soon the jobs will come rolling in. United Consolidated Wax has a chairman who believes that the country is going to the dogs, being ruined by the credit squeeze, take-over bids or ridiculously low import duties. This chairman can write but he is too busy with other matters, he says, to put his ideas on paper. He wants you to "knock the thing into shape."

You take a look at U.C. Wax's turnover, profits, dividends and reserves

and mention your knocking price—in guineas. The chairman is amazed, shocked, but of course he agrees to cough up.

With the money you buy more prints, restock your cocktail bar and pay your subscriptions to the Reform, Savile, Beefsteak and United Universities clubs. Later you read with considerable interest an article in *The Financial Times* by the chairman of U.C. Wax.

MATURITY

And so it goes on. You tackle all manner of assignments—a piece on bimetallism for a popular encyclopaedia, a speech in the Oxford Union, a prospectus for an Orange Free State uranium mining venture, a series of six talks (insist on repeat performances: the fees are so much better) for the Third Programme on exports called "Some Aspects of the External Movement of Marketable Merchandise," and a booklet on Social Credit for the British Friends of Alberta.

You pick up a number of handsome retainers from companies dealing in cement, electronics, extruded resins, ground glass and sanitary fireclay. They like to have your name, followed by "economic adviser," on their payroll: it gives them confidence.

THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE

There is one snag. To reach the topmost peak of your profession you ought really to produce two or three books during your career, and this involves you in the distasteful task of reading through the works of your competitors to discover their theses. These should of course be refuted, but ambiguously. Write twenty words to the page and fill up with footnotes.

And don't forget that after the age of forty you'll need younger economists to prop up your reputation with their addenda.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Lay Figures

By GEOFFREY LINCOLN

IF barristers often feel they could do without judges, and if judges behave as if they don't really need barristers, both frequently dream about the smooth course of litigation if only clients could be abolished. The lay client, as he is called with mingled respect and dread, is of value, of course, when it comes to a question of costs. At other times clients are a necessary evil, but it is absolutely essential to keep them in complete control. With clients, as with bulls, motor mowers and children, one maxim is of prime importance: you either run them or they run you. And a barrister being run by his client is as sad a sight as a doctor having his temperature taken by a patient.

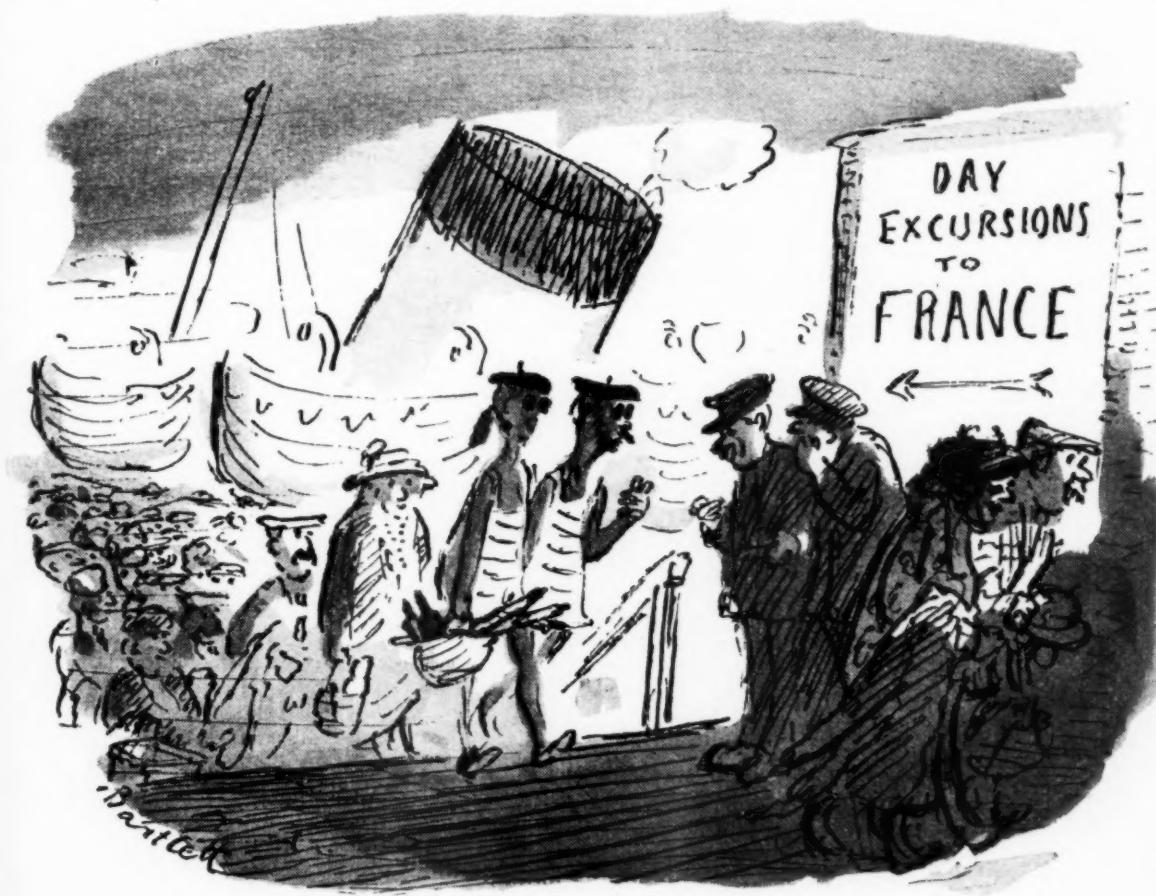
Clients, being egotistical on the whole, see themselves as indispensable. Cases

without them, they feel, would be as dry as Hamlet without the Prince, forgetful of the fact that such a production might have much to commend it in the way of brevity, succinctness and saving in ennui.

Clients fall into various categories, some worse than others. Of these the least unbearable but often the most worrying is:

The casual client. He is the man whose legal cases exist as one of the extreme trivialities of his life, far down in priority below taking his dog to be clipped or calling in to change his library book. He is the small man, grinning like the sun, whose macintosh pockets are bulging with unopened writs, who forgets to turn up to be divorced. After opening his case with magnificent but wasted oratory you

end your peroration with "Mr. Smith is now only anxious to go into the witness box to rebut these humiliating allegations." As there is no answering clatter from behind you, "Where the hell is he?" you whisper to the solicitor. "Search me, he said Friday was his usual morning for shopping in Soho." There's nothing for it but to start opening the case all over again or read some boring letters until Mr. Smith wanders in, dropping parcels of cannelloni and olive oil, to wedge himself in the back row and listen with rapt inattention to what he appears to believe is someone else's case. However, the indifferent client is always calm, and at the end of the judgment will say "Long-winded old boy, isn't he? I'm afraid I dozed off. Did we do any good?" When you tell him that he has



"This couple—better check day, month and year."

just been ordered to pay £1,000 damages he will say "Cheer up, can't win every time, can you?" and walk off cheerfully in the wrong direction.

The anxious client behaves quite differently. He lays off work for six months before his case comes on and devotes his leisure hours to writing the story of his life for your benefit in illegible handwriting in a number of thick exercise books. He comes to court with a pen and paper and a lot of sharpened pencils, and notes fall from him on you like a stage snowstorm. These notes, which say things like "All lies!" "This witness has something to hide," "Insist you tell the Judge his uncle was certified," or "It wasn't in 1950 I burned my wife's hat, it was in Swanage in 1949 (see exercise book VIII, page 204)," should all be put in a neat pile and never by any chance acted upon. Any question asked as a result of a note from any client is bound to produce a flood of evidence against him which you have not only kept concealed but of which you were in complete ignorance before he put pencil to pad.

The client who has something he wants to tell his Lordship in his own words is similarly dangerous. He may seem a likeable little fellow, but never let him do it. The temptation to indulge this

type of client by letting him open his likeable little heart to the judge usually arises when he is being cross-examined:

OPPOSING COUNSEL: Mr. Smythe, you really say you never hit your wife?

WITNESS: No, sir. I never hit her, and here's something I'd like to tell his Lordship . . .

OPPOSING COUNSEL: Never mind that, you deny you ever hit her?

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

OPPOSING COUNSEL: Then I put it to you . . .

You may be tempted to scribble "Re-examine" beside that in your notebook. You think you can give the little man the chance to say something creditable—"because I love her too much," or "because I'd never strike a woman." Your re-examination then goes like this:

COUNSEL: Just a moment, Mr. Smythe. What was it you wanted to tell his Lordship? I think you were about to give the reason why you never hit your wife.

WITNESS: Yes, sir.

COUNSEL: What was the reason?

WITNESS: She dodged me too often, sir. Everything I threw at her just missed the target.

You can either indulge your client, or, suave and smiling, murmur "No re-examination." That way he'll probably win his case and suffer from a permanent sense of injustice.

The client who thinks your opponent is much cleverer than you. He may be right, of course, but he is a ghastly form of client to handle. He will arrive at the conference in which you are meant to soothe him, fill him with courage and determination and calm his poor stretched nerves, and the conference will go something like this:

COUNSEL: Now, Mr. Mannerling, there is no reason why we shouldn't win this case.

CLIENT (*sweating profusely and looking at his chosen representative with pity*): You think so, do you?

COUNSEL: Certainly I think so.

CLIENT: Then you don't know my wife's solicitors. Machiavellis, that's what they are. They could get Guy Fawkes off attempted arson. They're that very, very clever.

COUNSEL: You've got clever solicitors as well. (*Don't miss the chance of saying this.*)

CLIENT: Her barrister! I reckon he'll be Lord Chancellor one of these fine mornings. Mark you, all respect to you, sir.

COUNSEL: I think we can deal with him.

CLIENT: You may *think* so, but the speed his brain works no doubt he'll leave us all standing. He can twist us . . .

After the conference the shattered barrister will have to make off to the Cock Tavern to soothe himself, fill himself with determination and calm his poor stretched nerves. After the case he will say, with pardonable triumph, "Well Mr. Mannerling, they lost," only to be met with "I think they meant to, sir. Their artfulness, don't you see? You can't beat that barrister for artfulness. He'll be Lord Chancellor one fine day, I do believe."

Careless clients, careful clients, clients who give you an inferiority complex, all have their disadvantages, none of them is impossible. The only impossible client to have is a lawyer who realizes exactly what is going on: if ever a lawyer comes upon you as a client, duck smartly and hurry on to the next case.



"Are we in favour of retaining the atom bomb, Agatha?"

The Girl with the Detachable Mama Voice

THE other day, mooning round a toy department and peering moodily through the windows of Regency-gem dwarf-houses quite big enough to be on Mr. Brooks' list of desirable properties for the Smaller Woman, if they aren't there already, I discovered the Walking Doll. You may or may not know that the Walking Doll is "robustly constructed of non-inflammable material and is virtually unbreakable. The eyes have sleeping and 'flirting' movements and a talking voice is also incorporated." The doll is "exquisitely dressed in beautifully fashioned clothes."

The also-incorporated talking voice foxed me for a bit, but the beautifully fashioned clothes explained all. A lot of coarse Americanized men have for years now been accustomed to speak of the model girls, the amazing girls in the magazines, as Walking Dolls, but it was new to me to find that some far-sighted fellow had actually got them on the market for a mere three guineas or so.

"Treated carefully," the Walking Doll literature cunningly continues, "this doll will give a lifetime's pleasure. It should not be immersed in water nor exposed to excessive heat." The same thought, though perhaps less succinctly put, has often struck me when gazing with a disbelieving sort of surmise at those far-flung colour-spread model girls carefully keeping their Pucci play-clothes out of the Caribbean or propping up some old Greek ruin amid the alien local-colour goatherds and card-sharpers.

People who want to have a Walking Doll that they can call their own are advised to observe the following simple instructions for their maintenance. Top of the list comes the fact, though you may not credit it, that "the doll stands quite erect on its own two feet." Those tiny size-three arrow-toed pin-heeled Italian-line racchorse-ankled extremities have a kick like a mule, and no girl worth the salary the walking doll is pulling down is going to sacrifice her hard-won independence unless you've got something special up your sleeve, like an island or two or a zoo or a custom-built sports car with a dashboard crammed with fancy gadgets with sentimental associations.

By SIRIOL HUGH JONES

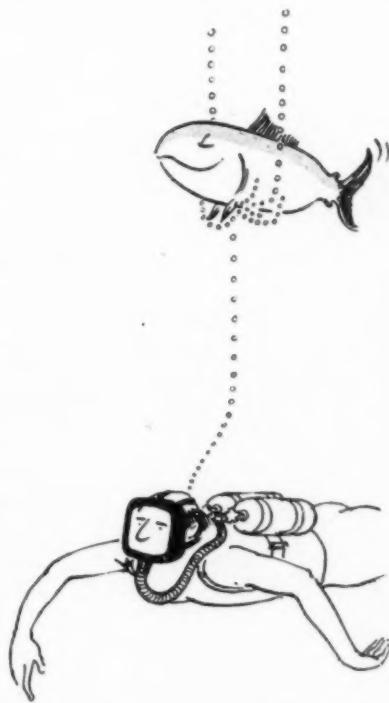
Should you at any time want to make the doll sit down, though to some this might seem a wholly unnecessary gambit, all that is required is to "hold it firmly and move the legs—*one at a time*—forward at right angles to the body. *It is most important that only one leg be moved at a time.*" This also applies to straightening the legs." And if you've ever wondered how a girl with pegs down the back of her pencil-slim skirt and her stockings held up by spirit gum actually managed to get behind a table at the Caprice on a busy evening, it's because you've expected her to move both legs at the same time, you rash crazy fool.

Go easy on more tricky manœuvres such as walking. "Move the arm nearest to you upwards and forwards until you feel that it is fully extended, so that the doll is standing with one arm outstretched." (We've all seen the absolute miracles that can be achieved by men like Beaton and Avedon and Parkinson after training their Walking Dolls to obey these apparently straightforward instructions, but they are experienced doll-manipulators who have really got the hang of the thing, and you shouldn't be in too much of a hurry.) "Hold the doll firmly by the hand and wrist," so that she won't dodge into Cartier's and snaffle one of their small *objets* in gold that she read about in the advertisement, "and lead it forward by putting the weight of the doll on the leg which is not moving, so as to enable the other leg to take one pace forward." This sort of thing may seem slow at first, but remember that the walking doll is mostly trained to play statues while baring her teeth, and this walking business is new to her. Only Avedon's dolls are acclimatized to flogging round Paris at the double while holding on to a yard of pearls, a gryphon, a bride's bouquet, a chiffon train and a perfectly strange man holding an open umbrella who never stops telling funny stories.

Walking dolls should not be expected to hold their own with Sir Isaiah Berlin first go off, though most of them can manage easy sentences like "I must say he was a perfect sweetie about the alimony," or "Give me Nassau every

time." Over-ambitious owners should console themselves with the comforting thought that every doll is fitted with a detachable Mama Voice, which can be replaced from your local stockist in the event of failure, or—for perfectionists only—can of course be detached for good and all, leaving you with the lifetime's pleasure quoted above.

The manufacturers close on a tender note. "Although your walking doll is very strongly made and will stand up to a great deal of rough treatment, a little care will be well worth while." Little Doe-eyes is a luxury article, and what with the beating she takes from trekking out to snowy Frinton with a load of summer cottons in February and sweltering around in sable on the torrid Brighton waterfront in July and messing up her hemline in the mud at Wapping and gallantly trudging yet once more up the model-girl's Odessa Steps that lead to the Albert Memorial, she's not one for knocking about in a nursery. With careful handling, a thing of beauty can be a joy and a solid source of income right on into the Mrs. Exeter age group.



Alex



"Yes . . . and who else?"



Bonds and Ads.

IT is beginning to look as though Mr. Macmillan backed a winner when he introduced "the little flutter" of Premium Bonds. During the first half of this financial year the bonds are likely to bring in at least £30 million, compared with net receipts of about £3 million and £2 million respectively from the more conventional savings channels of Certificates and Defence Bonds. The Trustee Banks will be lucky to break even, and at the Post Office withdrawals are certain to be much higher than new deposits. So far Premium Bonds have helped the Exchequer to the tune of about £100 million and of this goodly sum only one per cent has been cashed by investors.

In an age of inflation the Bonds are losing capital value (in terms of purchasing power) at a rate of some five per cent per annum, but the public obviously considers this a reasonable charge for all the fun of the monthly fair and flutter. Much depends, of course, on the publicity given to the draw results. So long as the winning numbers make a splash in the newspapers and on the air, the acquisitive and gregarious instincts of the British people will ensure the success of the gamble: if the press loses interest in it Lord Mackintosh's blue-eyed baby will prove less bouncing and resilient.

It will soon be time to re-examine the rules of the game, and the signs are that both the prize structure and the period of qualification will be found in need of modification. My own view is that a wider distribution of the prize money would be more attractive to the investor. The football pools promoters have discovered that the fact of winning small amounts (and being jolly near to winning infinitesimal amounts) is more important bait for the punter than the distant dream of £75,000. But the administrative cost and difficulty of distributing largesse in fivers may be too

heavy to justify any likely expansion in investment.

* * * * *

Devotees of the I.T.A. will be aware that the little screen is becoming a battlefield of grocery business advertising. This year the commercials have lost their experimental look and now seem to be concerned exclusively with about a dozen of the most fiercely competitive "lines" of consumer goods.

It is expected that total expenditure on TV advertising in 1957 will reach the £30 million mark, and that more than half of this will be accounted for by competing brands of household soap (detergents), cigarettes and tobaccos, beer, soft drinks, toilet articles, patent and preserved foods and confectionery. The biggest spenders at the present are Unilever and Thomas Headley, and the "top twelve" TV-advertised products

(January—June) are Tide, Daz, Omo, Gleem, Surf, Fairy Snow, Persil, Wood-bines, Lucozade, Beecham's Powders, Alka-Seltzer, and Water Lilies Shampoo.

There is, of course, no business like good business, but the failure of TV to attract advertisers of consumer durables must be causing the programme contractors some uneasiness. To rely so heavily on the frothier manifestations of grocery store competition is to risk sudden death from anything resembling a trade recession or a change of heart in the advertising profession.

I heard the other day of a retailer who had been presented with a TV set by a progressive salesman. It would not surprise me in the least to learn that the larger producers and advertisers of detergents are branching out into the manufacture of this essential television aid to competitive marketing.

MAMMON



... To be a State Farmer's Boy

If the Labour Party would promise to nationalize the land, every Tory farmer would be persuaded to vote for them at the next General Election. The reason we have not done so in the past is that, previously, the Socialists have only threatened to take this measure. But now, after six years of Conservatives, who care more for taxation than for conservation, the agriculturist is in a pretty pass. Ownership has become a burden which death duty alone relieves. It is a relief that comes too late. Indeed, if the Socialists would make nationalization an issue, many big landlords would volunteer to act as agents for them at the election. For as things are now, the owner of a large estate works himself for next to nothing, has no access to his own capital, and receives no more than 1 per cent on his property. Cunning dukes and calculating earls have realized long ago that they would be better off getting a regular wage from the State as agents or factors.

As for small farmers, at least a quarter of their number are continuing to farm

merely because they cannot sell their place at a price which will pay off their mortgage. There is nothing they would like more than to be nationalized. Presumably, they would get compensation in some Treasury Stock. If they cashed that quickly enough, before it did a Dalton, they could then live *en pension* on the Riviera or invest their capital in some lucrative newsagent and tobacconist shop. Those who enjoy exercise and wanted to continue farming could then rent their property from the Ministry of Agriculture. We all know it is far better to be a tenant. The boot would be on the other foot. Improvements and repairs would no longer be our obligation; it would be their responsibility. It is a prospect to make any yeoman's mouth water.

Having inveigled the State into becoming landowner, the next step would be to make it a farmer too. That would be sheer heaven. Though many of us might be mistaken for members of the Primrose League, we're getting very red underneath. We ponder the opportunities: no longer would I, for instance, be farm accountant, typist, odd tractor driver, dogsbody and secretary rolled in one—without a regular salary. I would become farm manager and join the privileged classes of the employee. Instead of myself, a man and a dog, the same farm would carry a man for every ten acres. Only the production of food would suffer. I look forward to the time when every cow will have its own secretary; and I, in slippers ease, will sit on the plough and let the silly State push it.

RONALD DUNCAN



BOOKING OFFICE

D-Day 1066

The Bayeux Tapestry : A Comprehensive Survey. Sir Francis Stenton, Simone Bertrand, George Wingfield Digby, Charles H. Gibbs-Smith, Sir John Mann, John L. Nevinson and Francis Wormald. Phaidon, 47/6.

A SENSE of the past—like being musical or playing a good hand at cards—is one of those gifts granted to some and withheld from others; but one would have to be unusually tone-deaf to the appeal of history to visit, without some faint stirring of interest, that room at Bayeux in the former Bishop's Palace round which is displayed the "Bayeux Tapestry." Here is the story of the Norman invasion of England in a strip cartoon 230 feet long by 20 inches wide, constructed within thirty years of the event. It is a work of propaganda, of course, but propaganda that has taken art into close alliance.

Views of the invasion vary according to fashions in history. One school has regarded the Normans as noble paladins, French—but not too French, owing to their Nordic blood—who introduced into this country, with many other good things, magnificent architecture and a taste for law and order. At the other end of the scale the Normans have been denounced as a miscellaneous gang of ruffians from all over Europe who combined under William the Bastard to descend upon a peaceful and more civilized country to plunder and dispossess.

The romantic anti-romanticism of contemporary taste tends to prefer the latter opinion. Simple Faith is now rated above Norman Blood. The former is certainly easier to claim, at least from the first phase of the immigration, since only fifteen names survive of those known for certain to have fought at Hastings; to which five may be added, established as personnel of the Duke's army, very likely to have been at the battle. They were probably seven thousand men in all: a small division, or perhaps two brigade groups. Harold's

army seems to have been rather larger, but must have been still weary from its recently completed forced march of two hundred and fifty miles in twelve days.

The editors of this admirable volume (which reproduces the entire length of the Tapestry, including some excellent detail in colour) somewhat pander to a nationalistic view of the episode by calling the defending force "the



English." Any other translation of "Angli" was perhaps felt to be cumbersome, but this label rather weights sympathy against the Normans by implying a sense of modern nationality that could hardly have existed.

The fact was that William had quite a colourable claim to the throne of England; at one moment Edward the Confessor had fully intended him to succeed. The Tapestry is much concerned in the earlier sequences to prove this, showing Harold not only swearing on the relics that he would not stand in William's way but also fighting in Brittany as William's "man."

Why did Harold allow himself to fall into William's hands on this occasion? It seems most improbable that as the Tapestry indicates he went over to Normandy of his own free will. More

likely he was shipwrecked as tradition has suggested.

The Saxons are shown with moustaches: the Normans, clean shaved. The whole representation is of extraordinary liveliness, not in the least unsophisticated. On the contrary, there is throughout the narrative design not only a rhythm and complete conviction of approach but also an underlying feeling of violence and sinister intrigue.

Two Norman knights, Wadard and Vital, are portrayed individually ("Hic est Wadard"), both to be found later with grants of land in Domesday Book. One incident remains wholly obscure: that captioned "Where a certain cleric and Ælgyva." The tonsured cleric seems to be pulling the lady's nose or adjusting her headdress. This happens during Harold's period in William's hands. Very few women appear in the tapestry, but many horses. The bearded and trousered dwarf holding the horses in one of these early sequences should not be missed.

The borders of the Tapestry are of great charm. They are on the whole made up of mythological beasts, interspersed with occasional naturalistic incidents, including what Professor Wormald designates some "mildly erotic" figures. The editors incline to think that these trimmings represent merely that light-hearted, disorganized approach to decoration so often to be seen in mediæval ecclesiastical carving. One wonders. The Bayeux Tapestry is so packed with the history and psychology of the moment when the Dark Ages were ending that one is unwilling to discard any of it as a matter of chance.

ANTHONY POWELL

Home Truths ?

A Father and His Fate. I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz, 13/6

In clarity of narrative this is Miss Compton-Burnett's most convincing performance for several novels. The usual characters are as witty as ever though the jokes, being the same old jokes, are

getting much less funny. Increasingly one finds oneself no longer vehemently defending her against hostile readers who complain that all her novels are the same novel (which they are not) but instead asking whether comedy can be derived endlessly from the same special case. She has told us that we still do not know the truth about the family. Is her tacit claim that her novels contain any general truths about it justified? Entertaining as they are, they become increasingly difficult to accept on any level more profound than that of grim fun.

This time the Head of the Family, thinking his wife has been lost in a shipwreck, becomes engaged to the fiancee of his nephew, his destined successor as Head—and naturally his wife reappears. Power, egoism, subordination and falsehood are once again ruthlessly investigated. The detail is new; but is that enough? R. G. G. P.

The World Beneath the Waves. Gilbert Doukan. *Allen and Unwin*, 30/-

Those who have seen Cousteau's astonishing film, *The Silent World*, will find their questions answered in this detailed survey of submarine discovery. Dr. Doukan is one of the leaders of the French school of underwater hunters who, having given us frogmanship, are turning from the fish-gun to the camera. Already their dives have led to a new archaeology of the sea-bed and to a stream of information about the behaviour of marine creatures; the Mediterranean octopus, for instance, is found innocent and even amiable. With a simple breathing apparatus in a knapsack man is now free to explore down to forty feet (a far more fascinating conquest than that of the air), while the bathysphere has proved the great depths to be swarming with exotic life.

Dr. Doukan goes fully into the history of diving and the latest methods of underwater photography. His book remains interesting in spite of some horrible scientific phrasology and a very chatty translation. E. O. D. K.

The Last Days of Captain Cook. C. A. Bushnell. *Chatto and Windus*, 15/-

If an explorer is hailed by eager savages as the incarnation of a heathen god what action should he take? On the material plane he may as well get all he can out of this unexpected piece of good luck; but if he is a Christian he must either repudiate divinity or incur the guilt of blasphemy. In the last months of his life Captain Cook was faced with this problem; and right up to the end he allowed the Hawaiians to suppose that he was their god Lono. In Honolulu his assumption of divine honours is still reproached, and Mr. Bushnell has written a vivid fictional reconstruction chiefly to defend his memory.

The defence is that Cook, a product of the Enlightenment, believed in no god and so could not blaspheme. But the

Navy of those days was still preponderantly Christian, and on his own ship men feared the vengeance of Heaven. The author fairly sets out all the evidence, leaving each reader to form his own conclusion.

A. L. D.

Equator. John Lodwick. *Heinemann*, 15/-

Mr. Lodwick, always attracted to benevolent autocracies with a strong Ruritanian atmosphere, sets the scene of his latest novel in a Central African Republic surrounded by "the choleric red of British territory, the by no means inapposite Prussian blue of French, and the bilious yellow of the Belgians," whose uncrowned Spanish king, Matamoros, has "brought order into the chaos of contraband" and maintains peace by adroit statesmanship and naval command of the encompassing lake. Here Skelton, as disenchanted but less intransigent than the author's habitual heroes, cast up from the wreck of an ethnographical expedition, enjoys a brief idyllic relationship with Matamoros's daughter before European imperialism, a dread disease, and Mr. Lodwick's evident conviction that human happiness cannot last, combine to destroy them in an ending perhaps too savagely anarchical. Incidental delights include an excruciatingly comic soccer-match in which native magic is effectively invoked by both elevens, and a fascinating glimpse into a crocodile's larder, where human remains are stored to be eaten, when mouldy, in thin slices, as strong cheeses are consumed by gourmets. J. M-R.

The Terrible Swift Sword. Arthur Steuer. *Secker and Warburg*, 15/-

One meets the curiously hysterical atmosphere of the American Army in so many novels that presumably it is not just the creation of novelists but really does exist. Everybody seems to be under a continuous, mounting strain. Officers and N.C.O.s jockey for promotion and bully juniors and then suddenly turn to their victims for support and understanding. This novel shows the early



"But suppose that some form of life develops on these artificial satellites, a form of life hostile to the Earth . . ."

development of the American soldier. It is set in a dreadful military academy; the publishers compare it to Sandhurst, but as the students are about sixteen and hope to go on to West Point it is nearer to a school. A group of students is involved in the theft of a gun; but the incidents are less important than the relationships.

Apart from an occasional patch of overwrought writing the novel is very readable; but one cannot help feeling it is odd that such a high proportion of the characters have succeeded in smuggling their neuroses and psychoses past the "medical." However, I suppose widespread insanity need not necessarily impair an Army's aggressive efficiency.

R. G. G. P.

Here's a Villain. James Mitchell. *Peter Davies*, 15/-

The seediness of the provincial school, the marital failures of embittered teachers of English literature with working-class backgrounds and lower-middle-class jobs and the kindly, intelligent pansy who bears all the troubles of his friends are pretty common subjects in the contemporary novel, but Mr. Mitchell manages to do something with them and to work his way out at the end of his novel a far better novelist than when he entered it. The man with a future often begins by plunging about among different styles, sipping different influences and combining the faults of several of his elders. In this book, which may not be a first novel but reads like one, chunks of



Solution to last week's crossword.

observation and fun and pity lie uneasily beside chunks of pretentious self-pity. Both the farcical scenes in the Common Room and the scene of dignified sorrow at the mother's deathbed are individual and successful. The pub scenes do not come off so well, perhaps because they struck Mr. Mitchell as easy to do. His hero is unique in this type of novel in being efficient at his job.

R. G. G. P.



AT THE PLAY

Macbeth (THEATRE ROYAL,
STRATFORD, E.15)

STUDENTS of ballistics will be interested by the resilience of a man who sufficiently survives the contents of a shotgun at five yards to go through a long and gruelling fight before succumbing to a firing-squad. Students of the theatre may be surprised to hear that he is Lt.-Colonel Macbeth, dressed for the First World War.

But let Joan Littlewood speak for herself, as she does, in no shy tones, in the programme of the Theatre Royal, Stratford (*atte Bow*): "In presenting *Macbeth* in modern dress we are not trying to be clever nor experimental: the fundamental truth of a great work of art needs no decoration to make it

acceptable. When we play the classics in our people's theatre we try to wipe away the dust of three hundred years, to strip off the 'poetical' interpretations which the nineteenth-century sentimentalists put upon these plays and which are still current to-day.

"The poetry of Shakespeare's day was a muscular, active, forward-moving poetry, in this it was like the people to whom it belonged. If Shakespeare has any significance for to-day, a production of his work must not be regarded as an historical reconstruction but as an instrument still sharp enough to provoke thought, to extend man's awareness of his problems and to strengthen his belief in his kind."

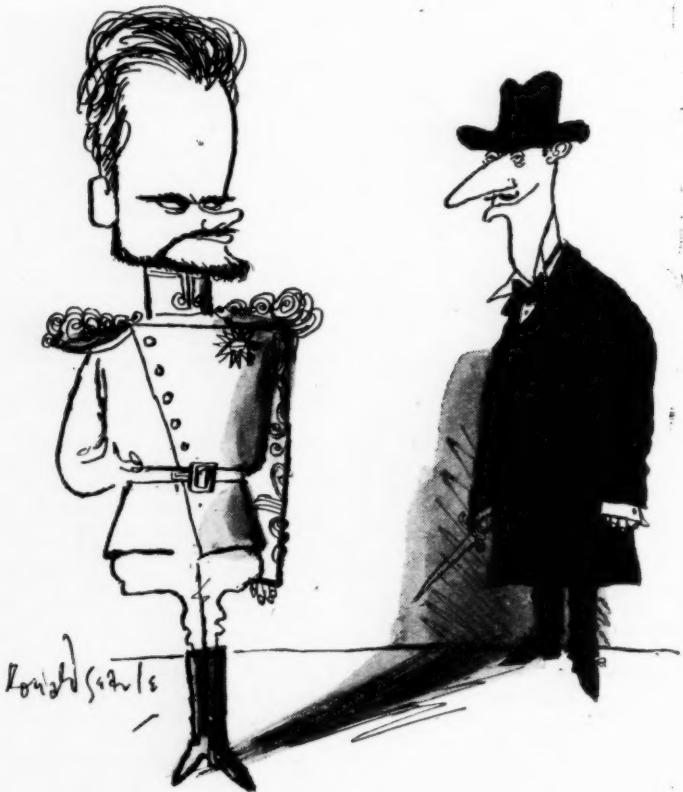
I wonder a little if Miss Littlewood ever goes to the other Stratford, or the Birmingham Rep., for I am not at all clear what she means by our unfortunate legacy from the nineteenth century. And I should have thought that if Shakespeare's poetry is really all she so kindly says, the thing to do would be to play it. What she does instead is murder it, deliberately, in an unsuccessful attempt to turn *Macbeth* into a melodrama of the rise and fall of a modern dictator.

In her demonstration of the activity of Shakespeare's writing she freely cuts,

transposes and interpolates. We see the apparitions through the eyes of Macbeth, who writhes on his bed in a sort of lobster-nightmare, pausing only to tell his wife (whose bottom he smacks in jollier mood) that she is the secret, black and midnight hag. Duncan is a middle-aged general, and his staff brass-hatted, though a midshipman has found his way into the party, and so have an Edwardian housemaid and an equerry in a bowler hat. The murderers are dressed as if they have called to look into Macbeth's overdraft. Macduff in exile wears a motoring cap and dark glasses. When Birnam Wood arrives, flooding the stage with khaki and tin hats, we seem to be seeing a parody of *Journey's End*, played in the ruins of an overhead railway, for a wooden platform on scaffolding runs right across the stage, making fighting more difficult than ever.

Used tactfully, modern dress can make one think freshly about a play, but one must have the play to think about. Miss Littlewood's distortions of the text leave her production without point. She is skilful in getting dramatic effect from unusual angles of lighting, and I found a certain excitement in the development of the first act; but this wore off quickly in the face of gabbled verse and cheapened characters. The odd soldiers speak their lines well enough, but Glynn Edwards' Macbeth is simply a villain, with no poetic feeling, while Eileen Kennally's undignified Lady Macbeth never begins to strike terror.

ERIC KEOWN

*Macbeth*—GLYNN EDWARDS

First Murderer

[Macbeth]



AT THE BALLET

José Limón American Dance Company (SADLER'S WELLS)

AN American dance company which calls itself just that disarms prejudice. The team from the United States now appearing, for the first time in this country, at Sadler's Wells, is headed by José Limón, a mature exponent of a form of dance which descends from the Central European school of dance-expressionism. It has gathered many tributaries into its main stream and has thus assimilated all manner of folk tradition, savage rhythm and sophisticated jazz.

Mr. Limón's team displays an idiom that is recognizably American with a refinement of expression which avoids much angularity and obscurity; by comparison such an established convention as that of Martha Graham, seen a few years ago in London, seems more than a shade highbrow.

Doris Humphrey, the artistic director of the company now in London, has for long exercised a formative influence on the development of what has come to be called "pure" American dance. Two of the four pieces in the opening programme showed her quality as a choreographer. Characteristic of them all is a continuous flow of rhythmical movement, emphatic posture and strong athleticism.

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All movements are natural in that they could be as readily performed with bare feet as with the unblocked ballet shoes which the dancers wear. Bodies are substantial and there is no pretence of thistledown lightness.

The opening *Dance Overture* was distinguished by the bright colours of the dresses and the weaving pattern of the dancers and the general effect of open-air exuberance.

An attempt at complicated symbolism in interpreting the familiar passage of Ecclesiastes beginning "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven" succeeded in sustaining visual pleasure, but only occasionally were the many merging themes clearly discernible. In this work the company's dress-designer, Pauline Lawrence, was an important collaborator.

Ritmo Jondo (Deep Rhythm) is described as a ballet using motifs based on Spanish characteristics. The fantasy of male aggressiveness and female fragility would have gone better if we had not already seen much authentic Spanish dancing in London. Mr. Limon's team is wanly lacking in Latin temperament and has not a trace of the taut elegance to which we are accustomed in such a context.

The most successful item was *The Moor's Pavane* in which four dancers representing characters in Othello portray to music by Purcell "the tragedy of Everyman when he is caught in the pattern of tragic living." Courtly steps, dramatic acting, particularly by Mr. Limon as the Moor, who is also the choreographer, made the twenty minutes of this well-stylized dance most enjoyable.

Outstanding dancers in the company are Ruth Currier, Pauline Koner and Lucas Hoving. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

The Witches of Salem—Full of Life—An Affair to Remember

A FILM adapted by Sartre from a play by Henry Miller is bound to seem a heavyweight, and it's difficult not to be portentious about it. Anyway, I found *The Witches of Salem* (Director: Raymond Rouleau) a grim film and fairly, but not totally, absorbing. It uses as a parable about mass hysteria the story of the witch-hunts that took place in Massachusetts at the end of the seventeenth century; a group of girls who were discovered practising some mild Satanism began, to excuse themselves, accusing harmless citizens of having possessed them with evil spirits; they were believed and their accusations became wilder until public conscience was aroused after several hangings and a lot of torture.

It is fairly easy to ignore the tiresome propaganda element in the film: the opening words are "This is a true story," and then the mouths of the richer citizens of Salem are stuffed with



[*The Witches of Salem*]

Abigail and colleagues—MYLENE DEMONGEOT

capitalist-hyena remarks; there's little harm in it as propaganda but it spoils the film a little when it's so unconvincing. I found a different sort of unbalance more disturbing. Our attention is focused on the lives of one family of poor farmers; a maid who has been seduced by the husband and then dismissed by the wife becomes the leader of the children in their denunciations and uses her power to revenge herself. From one point of view these must be ordinary people, from whose hapless involvement the film gets its strength to move us. But then the man becomes a Christ symbol (and a thoroughgoing theological one at that; "You have taken our sins upon you," someone says to him, so he's not just a figment of the Jesus-was-a-good-communist-too school) and the maid is wildly wicked and seductive, very much the hermit's idea of Eve. Within those limits Yves Montand and Mylene Demongeot take the two parts very effectively, but only Simone Signoret, as the wife, manages to belong to both worlds and to make her transition from granite helpmeet to compassionate angel consistent and convincing. It makes an exciting film though, nicely photographed in black-and-white on a small square screen and full of effective *coup de cinéma*. Sub-titles.

Full of Life (Director: Richard Quine) could hardly be more different, apart from being nicely photographed on a small square screen in black-and-white. It would very nearly be a farce if it weren't that its characters are so convincingly alive. It is about a woman pretty far gone with child. Judy Holliday plays her wonderfully accurately and

manages not to get overshadowed by her volcanic father-in-law (Salvatore Baccaloni) who comes to mend a hole in her kitchen floor but chooses rather to build a fantastic baronial Scottish fireplace in her small stucco house. The husband (Richard Conte) stands up well too as a pleasant and strong personality. The film manages to skirt, without shirking, the less cosy aspects of the mysterious arrangement by which we are born. I laughed quite a bit, though I have heard people say that they found even the title disgusting.

Several critics have said that they found *An Affair to Remember* (Leo McCarey's re-make of his 1938 success, *Love Affair*) nothing like as charming as the earlier version. I can't say, but I enjoyed the first two-thirds of the new one, in which a ship-board flirtation is made ludicrous by the fascinated interest with which the rest of the passengers watch its progress. There is a funny television interview when they land too, but by that time flirtation has ripened into love and a civilized comedy rotted into the wrong sort of slush. It seems a pity, but Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr bear up fairly well as the principals.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Releases include the impressive *Saint Joan* (3/7/57), *Island in the Sun* (7/8/57), which is diffuse but spectacular, and the energetic and very funny *Operation Mad Ball* (28/8/57) also, incidentally, directed by Richard Quine.

PETER DICKINSON



ON THE AIR America to Scotland

TELEVISION is either a mélange or a synthesis of cinema and radio. At its best—when it employs the wonderful eye of the cinema and the purposeful informative talk of radio, and fuses sound and vision into a new medium—television can be brilliantly entertaining and instructive. Documentaries as good as Associated Rediffusion's "America Now" are the salt of the air.

This hour-long programme (there were no commercial interruptions) gave British viewers a pretty good look at the U.S.A., at its topography and peoples. It travelled coast-to-coast, from New York with its glamour and slums, to the social backwaters of the Middle West, and on to the sprawling suburban ennui of Los Angeles. On the whole it used its camera well. The pictures were tourist-class snapshots of conventional attractions, crowded city streets, peaceful farms, the traffic problem, the negro and so on; but I felt that too much time was taken up with somewhat pedestrian interviews.

To some extent the British viewer's appetite for the American *tête-à-tête* has been ruined by the B.B.C.'s series conducted by Joseph C. Harsch. Nearly all Americans, apparently, entertain the notion of appearing on television as a probability and work out beforehand the mode of conduct and address they will adopt before the cameras. And the result is frightful.

In November Associated-Rediffusion is doing a Russian companion-piece to this programme—"Russia Now." I hope Caryl Doncaster, Michael Ingrams and



BORIS KARLOFF

ALAN MELVILLE

YANA

ABC of Show Business

Bill Morton will not find too many English-speaking Russians to interview. A real look-see at Russia is long overdue on our little insular screens.

One of the star shows at the National Radio Show was the final edition of "A to Z," a variety show built very flimsily on the old alphabetical gimmick as reclaimed (but why I don't know) by Wolf Mankowitz. This long series has had a pretty high standard in popular entertainment, and has been compèred with remarkable fluency and gusto by Alan Melville.

It is the practice nowadays to employ "research" and "additional research" in all manner of B.B.C. shows, in variety, quiz-games, music-hall and skiffle scuffles, and I can imagine with what joy (and cries of "Eureka!") the lab. lads of "A to Z" coughed up their "Y" for Yana, their "Z" for Zither and Shirley Abicair and (pure genius this) their "X" for Boris Karloff and "X" certificate

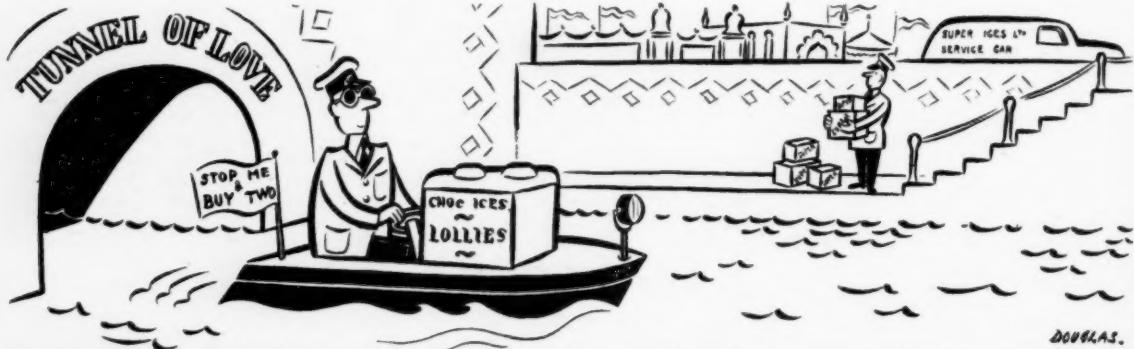
films. A grateful nation should get Oxford to award honorary degrees all round.

The funniest programme of the week was Val Parnell's (A.T.V. Network) "Saturday Spectacular" starring Hughie Green and introducing Scotland to the delights of commercial television. Caledonia certainly got a big welcome. Mr. Green said it was a great country, a cultured country, and to prove his point he introduced Pouishnoff. "Now what all these fine Scottish people want to know, sir, is the title of your first number. Bach? That's great! Bach, eh! Well, that should show Scotland that independent television really cares about culture." Pouishnoff played his party piece and then

Mr. Green held his hand in a long congratulatory fondle. "I'm only sorry—and all you people will agree with me, I know—that we just haven't time to hear more of the great classics of music from Mr. Pouishnoff's hands." I may have left out a "great" or two, but this is a fair transcript of the burden of Mr. Green's address.

While recovering from this astounding splurge of maudlin nonsense I became aware that Ludovic Kennedy was introducing the Independent Television News. "... And appropriately enough the first two items to-night come from Scotland . . ." The first one was a trivial matter about Prince Charles: the second, something to do with a minor matter of crime. Then followed news about H-bombs, intercontinental ballistic rockets, Khrushchev and disarmament talk. I expected, remembering Robert Benchley, to hear that China was on fire. But it wasn't.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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